

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Bonnets in Review

Has ever stood and gazed upon the seated rows of women in some public place all hatless for the season? To see the visible result of a soul's inner conflict is not given to many, but what is not a mere personal adornment as one might think, nor like the rest of woman's wearing apparel. It is chosen with fear and trembling, made up after hours of agonized indecision of mind and body worn at last after a series of mock parades before the unfeeling eyes of the family, with words harsh and unfeeling passing comment on it and her. At last the bonnet sees the light of day, after feathers have been shaved from left to right and flowers have done out little dance on the rear of the construction instead of climbing in rows around the hem.

Somebody has said that one's hat expresses the innermost workings of a soul and the secret thoughts thereof, and they say funny looking things and such fluffy things or such severely plain things, according to the manner of the maid and matron that is wearing the goods. To look down on the "Hanging Gardens of Babylon," the "rigid atrocities and extravagancies committed in the name of Dame Fashion and a milliner who once a long time ago spent three days in New York, is a passing show.

And the way the women put them on their heads! Will they never learn that a little bandeau is a dangerous thing and only once in a while, the woman with scant and plainly dressed hair, do please, borrow your neighbor's hand-mirror and see that hat of yours perched so high on your head and revealing in harsh hard lines all that you would not have it show. To be sure it looked fine from your point of view and that is like one supposes, but there is the barest possibility that the other person is looking from a different angle, you know. And it is surprising the queer assortments and tastes that arrange themselves ahead of you. The most strictly tailored and plainest dressed individual will blossom forth in the wildest sort of a flowered and beribboned confusion of her head. You see her heart is built that way and really there it is—her secret soul—all happy and red and bright and full of nonsense that would never know about it. The next little turban in careless abandon on their owners' heads and careering madly to the left, when the proper place was on a straight, she has a soul above buttons and she has no thought of the children's petticoats that did not come back in the wash last week. There are long feathers built on purpose to flaunt their neighbors' ears and noses and jaunty bows on people that should not wear such, and the nice medium "always in style" ready for any occasion from pink tea to street. The feathers are neatly curled. Every year they are recruited and their owner decides to put them straight this year and line the velvet frame with a nice, neat ivory color that will go with anything and suit all occasions. She is thirty-five, write it down.

And again, passing over the total eclipses to be found everywhere, there are whole rows of lovely fluffy ones and neat unique bonnets that just suit the faces they frame and the personalities that choose them. After all, it's your hat.

How She Met Materlinck.
In the November Bazar, Madame Georgette Leblanc Materlinck, the great French actress and wife of the author of "The Blue Bird," tells how she decided to marry Materlinck long before the met him. The unique little story is told in her own words.

"Never had I felt so happy as the first months after my engagement at the Opera Comique. I had an extensive repertoire, a good salary, and the press was kind to me. I had never met artists before. I imagined they were all noble people with great and generous souls.

"Such distinctions! I lead a more in those few months than in all my previous life! My friends seemed to think my only raison d'être was to provide for them. All this made me miserable, and then one day I came across one of Materlinck's works.

"That gave me some consolation. I read more. Gradually I became subconsciously convinced that the man who wrote those books was the man I ought to marry. I met an acquaintance who knew Materlinck.

"You must introduce me to him," I said. "I intend to marry him."
"He thought it was a good joke. 'Have you ever seen him?' he asked.
"No. I know nothing about him. But he is the man I am going to marry."

"You have come too late, poor child," he exclaimed. "Materlinck is an old man."

"The earth seemed to crumble beneath me. But I managed to answer that I wanted to meet Materlinck in any case. A few nights later at a party a handsome young man came up to me and was introduced as Materlinck.

"Than God, he is young!" I exclaimed, oblivious of everything.
"That was how we met. You knew the rest." —Harper's Bazar.

Gulpure Lince Agains.

The revival of white lace for gowns has brought about a new kind of gulpure, which is one of the best of the heavy laces. It is used in its original light tan color, and effective empire gowns of it are made over black mousseline, which is hemstitched wherever it shows, and is touched off with narrow velvet ribbon.

Tuffles on Skirts.

Halfway up some of the skirts there are festoons of narrow ruffles, which, by the way, are fuller than they were in mid-summer. These festoons are caught at the points with little ruffles or bows.

One tunic drapery was slashed in the middle of the front about fourteen inches above the hem and dragged back at each side and the corner, then was knotted and left to hang in a tasseled point. The tunic was plain and the skirt was of black material, the skirt going in a V at the front, where the tunic was slashed.

Some of the new waists of gowns have sleeveless jacket arrangements which fall below the belts in square tails, extending halfway or more down the skirt and giving a panel effect. Sleeves, though still short, are taking to themselves deep turnback cuffs. Even the kimono sleeves is being finished in this way. Many of these cuffs are of gauntlet shape, and the sleeves are sometimes tulle a trifle into them to make a slight puff at the elbow. Sleeves are anything but plain, and that a day of fussiness is arm coverings in many persons doubt who are watching the developments of the styles.



PRACTICAL CLOAKS FOR HEAVY MATERIALS AND TWEED MOUNTAIN COSTUME.

L'Art de la Mode.

Keeping Up With Coiffure Modes. Small Heads the Fashion

Small heads are the fashion now. The hair, minus rats or other artificial aids to bouffancy, is arranged to define the contour of the head rather than to form a frame of the face. In the case of the small head with small, piquant features, this close arrangement of the hair is becoming, but women with large heads and strong features find the style rather trying and a great care must be exercised in the building of the coiffure to have the hair as soft and fluffy as possible and to draw it as low as may be over forehead, temples and ears.

In order to obtain a good effect the hair must be soft and not harsh or stiff, and this softness usually means scrupulous care and eternal vigilance in the matter of grooming. A few lucky women have naturally soft, fluffy and lustrous hair—hair that, with a minimum of care, rises up from the parting and waves prettily over the brow; but alas! most hair if not shampooed, brushed and styled scrupulously duffs up in the soft and youthful manner for just about two days after the fortnightly shampoo and then straightens out forever, clinging to the scalp, where it should spring up, and springs up in provoking wisps where it should cling, tendrilwise, against the waves of tresses.

During the winter, when more or less heavy velvet and felt hats are worn and the hair receives very little fresh air or sunshine, a shampoo should be given not less than once in four weeks, and if the hair is naturally rather oily, once a fortnight will be none too often. A very little cream of tartar or borax should be added to the water to cut the oil in the hair, and water as hot as possible should be used, both for the washing and for the several rinsings that follow. After the final rinsing the hair should be dried as thoroughly as possible in hot Turkish towels and should then be tossed and fanned and the scalp manipulated with the finger tips until every separate hair stands up in a wave or ring (which is much to the point) manner.

For those who live in the rarified atmosphere of the inner shrine of style the side frill is entirely passed and has been hauled in, even as a sail before a storm, a storm of applause, betokening a far too popular approval. In its place we find, among other things, the flou, more flou, for their hair is still to run. A two-sided frill is very new and fluffy, and there is a new ruche, which is not Elizabethan, nor yet of Pierrot type, for one narrow frill stands up and two deeper ones lie flat about the throat, while a velvet band ties round and forms a saucy bow in back.

Just now the fashionable coiffure is arranged with a modified Greek knot directly at the back of the head. This knot is not high enough to show from a front view, neither is it low enough to interfere with the smooth fit of the shell barrette which confines loose tresses neatly at the back of the neck. It must be large enough to cover the crown of the head so that there is a full effect back of the ears and the curls, softly soiled Greek knot, made of a very long switch coiled over the crown and reach to a point above the ears, and it should be pinned all around, while the hair is down, with invisible hairpins. Then when the natural hair is brushed up loosely to form the coiffure the hidden fringe will roll up with and give just the right amount of fluffiness.

Drooping curls are no longer considered in good taste for street wear, but in the evening, without a hat and with a décolleté bodice, the little curls are charming. This coiffure has a large, softly soiled Greek knot, made of a very long switch coiled over the smaller knot effected with the natural tresses. The little curls may be made of the ends of the natural hair—if it is plentiful enough—or they may be purchased at the accommodating hair-dresser's.

Very few women have hair long enough to twist in the new fashionable coils. Even when the hair is long and thick and soft, it is often not very long, and is simply coiled flat against the head after having been made the most of in the front arrangement of the coiffure, a long switch being used for the knot at the back.

Side Frill Passe—Various Kinds of Fluffy Things Take Its Place.

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Because this new style of neckwear—all luted, pleated and frilled—does not admit of a scarf, which, sliding gracefully about, might disturb the fragile exactness of its folds, the sets of hat, muff and scarf are about to drop out the scene. It is absent from all the newer sets. But they are as charming as ever, even more so. The hats are smaller. Some become frankly caps, others the most adorable, snug hoods. These are designed especially for carriage wear, and there is a great deal of sense to be found lurking beneath their grandmotherly quaintness. A hood in which one can get easily into a carriage and in which a tired head can rest comfortably against the cushions on returning from an exhausting round of calls or an exciting bridge party is a blessing for which, a few years ago, no one could have dared to hope.

One set of hood and muff was in soft green, a silvery sea foam. The hood had a crown embroidered in long, loose, scrawly silver stitches, and was lined with rose and silver lace. The bonnet, which was rather Dutch in shape, turned up at the sides to give a glimpse of this lining, and there was a twist of brown fur. The muff was an enormous affair of satin, edged with fur, lined with pink, embroidered in silver and frilled most distractingly with lace. There were also some wee flat roses tucked about it somewhere, reproducing others at the nape of the neck on the hood.

Muffs of the Season Flat and Enormous

Sometimes the monthly papers take the matter up, and then pictures of the bride and bridegroom adorn their pages. The marriage ceremony, the guests present, and the history of such guests, and not a list merely of the presents received, but an approximate valuation of them, are printed. I understand that Americans are really far more reticent about the publishing of the portraits, for example, than the English are.

"We Americans have been awarded the palm for publicity, and we do get more than we want sometimes."
Muffs, flat and enormous, are seldom entirely of one kind of material. There are ever so many of the most delightful combinations. Perhaps one of the most sombre of these was made of shaggy black plush and white silk, heavily shrouded with black chiffon. Broad bands of the plush made the outer ends; the silk and chiffon, winding around the centre, draped themselves all over the front in an immense Geisha bow, with tasseled ends hanging.

A handsome seal muff had a single raccoon skin wrapper around its centre. The head came at the bottom and had its teeth well fastened in the tail—two tails, in fact—long, yellow fringed affairs that hung from the ends of the bottom edge. These ornaments seem continually to be shifted about. Last winter all the fat tails seen trailing from muffs, bonnets, red fox, raccoon—hung from one side. The little seal hat that accompanied this cluster of stiff yellow miniature ostrich feathers repeated the note of the yellow rings on the tails.

The modern fashion of carrying a tea basket when going out on a railway journey appears to be making Sandows of young women who used to think they couldn't carry a hand satchel even, but must express it ahead. Why is it that a woman will cling to a tea basket when she willingly relinquish to a porter all kinds of valuations of luggage? It must be the subtle fascination of tea for the feminine nature, a fascination which few men, barring Dr. Samuel Johnson, have been able to understand.

Central Station the other day from a fortnight's stay with some friends in Westchester. She had the inevitable tea basket in her hand, of course. She was met by a masculine cousin, and a big athletic fellow he was. He grabbed the tea basket gaily. Then he dropped it inconspicuously to the floor and gazed wonderingly at the girl.

"Louise," he said, "I have always had the impression that you were delicate. 'Louise can't stand much'—I've heard that since I was knee high to a grasshopper. How, may I ask, have you known that tea basket for blocks—as I told you must have in changing trains—and what in heaven's name makes it so heavy?"

"Oh!" said Louise, gasping. "I just stuck a few odds and ends into it that I thought I'd need on the journey, and had no other place for. There's just an extra pair of shoes, and my manicure set, and brushes and things for the night, and some photographs and books—O, and some nuts the little boys picked specially for me, so I couldn't bear to leave them."

"I suppose it's the nuts that make such an infernal rattling," said the cousin grimly.

He walked over to a gannet-in-the-slot machine and weighed the basket. It tipped the scales at thirty-five pounds.

"Right here is where we call a taxi," he announced. "When tea baskets are turned into trunks, it is time to stop lugging them by hand."

"Much is said on the other side of the pond," remarked a girl who had just returned from Europe, "about the manner in which American happenings are exploited by the press. But nothing can go ahead of the personal anecdotes printed abroad. The names are suggested by capitals, followed by stars equaling in number the omitted letters. These names are readily recognized by the public at large. In our country such anecdotes are circulated through only one or two publications that comparatively few people read, and the public is less well informed after all than the European public.

About Bridesmaids

A perfectly charming old lady, talking about weddings and bridesmaids and all the other things dear to the heart of young people, said: "But, my dear, things are really so changed now. When I was a girl you just asked all of your friends to wear anything they wanted or had on hand. Now, everything must match and your bridesmaids are anything but your own dear friends."

Really, it is something to stop and think over. Somebody asks a girl because she is a "sister of the groom," and another one is invited because she simply cannot get out of asking her, and so it goes on, and the agonies over the matter of dress are quite ceaseless. As if it wasn't the bride's very own wedding! At least two may be counted on to refuse at least two weeks before the ceremony, and entirely too late to insult any one by asking them, because the shade chosen is not becoming at all because they do not like the way the dresses are to be made. Isn't it funny, when they should really be so complimented at being asked at all?

Then it is really a custom, and has been for years, to make small gifts to your bridesmaids, but suppose this unlucky bride happens to forget the custom, or more than probably hasn't the money to do it, the bridesmaids are displeased. They are quite peaceful, and even go sulkily down the aisle when they are expected to be an adornment to the feast.

But things are progressing, and not a hundred years from now some of us will be sitting with folded hands and garrulous tongues, remarking on the manners and customs of the day in which we lived and moved and had our very important things, and our imaginations will be so bright as memory takes flight, and so goes the tale.

Frills and Flounces.
Frills and flounces play an important part in the styles of to-day. Even on the most subdued models, flounces appear on house gowns of all kinds, for afternoon and evening wear they are particularly popular. Bodices that suggest the second empire tendencies are trimmed with pleatings that form a basque marking the waist.

A few are showing the resurrection of the accordion pleating.

This, however, is scant; we have no skirts over two and a half yards around, ever if they are pleated.

Flounces of lace trim many of the newest skirts. Double flounces, puffs and ruffles of satin with fringed edges appear in place of a hem at the bottom of short afternoon frocks.

One odd model of soft blue silk has a scalloped lace flounce around the narrow skirt in spiral fashion from the raised waist line to the skirt's edge, where it encircles the entire skirt.

The flou effect, being so strongly pronounced, gives ample opportunity for the use of frills. Net, lace mousseline de sole, chiffon and every fabric that is soft enough to lend itself to frilling is employed in three graceful draperies on the outer edge of which a frill is always placed and frequently on the inner edge.

Ruches and tiny frills trim collars and cuffs, and border draperies on many of the gowns.

These are made of lace of no or of silk with fringed edges. They give a certain soft, fluffy note to an otherwise plain frock and are especially adapted to be worn on gowns for the debutante or young matron.

Tunes of transparent material veiling satin or brocade evening gowns are frequently bordered with a flounce of fine lace, especially if the tunic be draped.

She who has a store of fine lace laid away in tissue paper, old lace that has been in the family for generations may count herself fortunate, for this will be the season when she will have the opportunity to let it see the light of day, or perhaps the light of many softly shaded electric bulbs, adorning her evening gowns in varied frills and flounces.

Concerning Fashions for Men.
Knee breeches, silk hose and ruffled lace shirts are things that men are coming to in their wearing apparel within the next ten years, according to Louis Bourque, gentleman of leisure and sartorial expert of Paris, who is in Los Angeles on a holiday jaunt around the world.

"Men to-day are wearing very narrow trousers. They are getting narrower all the time, and it will be but a few years before they will wear the same styles that were in vogue in the days of the last Louis of France, or during colonial times in the United States," he said.

"How much more handsome is the man who can display a good figure in knee breeches than he who wears the present ordinary looking garments, which do not show at all the form as the Creator made it."

Then a brook of laced and ruffled shirts, which he said are far prettier than the fearful stiff creations which men wear to-day.

"How much better it would be to see a man wearing a fine silk shirt prettily trimmed in old lace, and the silk hose and shoes, which would be much more pleasant than our loosely tied and slovenly appearing string shoes or button shoes, with half the buttons off. It is certain clothing chances radically every century, both for men and women, and we have had a century of men's clothing in the present styles."

M. Bourque is now dressing in accordance with this idea.

Fixing the Feet.
There are really few women who know the importance of purchasing shoes that fit the feet. The cause of many broken insteep comes from imperfectly fitted shoes. When fitting, if there is too much space left in the toe of the shoe as soon as the shoe is worn for a short time the heel will begin to chafe and cause the wearer much annoyance. The ball of the foot should be at the curve of the sole.

A Hospitality Shelf.
Nowadays no kitchen cupboard is up-to-date without one. And the shelf is never complete when an iron is made upon it. The loss is supplied again immediately. It is a generous collection as possible of preserved soups, meats, vegetables, fruits and relishes. Many of these are of the housewife's own putting up, a proud and tempting showing—the regret that she has no fear in using them, or any such injurious consequences as ptomaine poisoning. There are also boxes of gelatine on the hospitality shelf, spices and herbs for flavoring, sifted bread crumbs and a few shelled nuts—all in tightly covered glass jars—and many other little first aids to the hungry, peculiar to each individual housekeeper.

Above the shelf hangs a list of easily prepared dishes and recipes—soups, salads, desserts, etc., that have proved favorites of the family or of guests entertained. In the matter of an emergency it often happens that many an excellent recipe escapes one's memory.—MAY H. NORTHEAD.